

Epochs

Poems by R. Salvador Reyes
(*Fall 2013*)

This Dream Which Seemed It Was Life

And the bones laid in the field before
They were nothing.

Fallow me.

You are

From nowhere, floundering. This is
Not America. That is not your soul. Swallow her in the night until
Nothing else consumes you, let each thrust feed

That monster inside, aflame with its ravenous pleasure of
Lies. Hades' vapid feast. There is no way to be here

More than we are. This far, we are told, make more than what

We are. This

We do. This is not the earth

Alone. Build it

For numbers you silly carbon trinket. Kill it for fun

You brutal dumb machine. We will emerge seething &

Scathed, our reptile wanting &

Our supple, melancholy accident hoping

For everything else. We are the heavens, witness & failed

Savior. We are the looking

Down. We are the thing we see. We are sown

& reaped. We are

This dream which seemed it was life.

It's any afternoon, suddenly. Like every moment is
Suddenly, unannounced, barging. It was right here
On top of you—the whole day and its pollinating

Machinations. Every wire of you

Is fused with the world. Your hand

Held the paper bag full of coffee beans. You

Loved someone then. From the light, just miscast, you know
It is winter, but you knew that anyway, you did; the light only made you feel better about it.

**Before the bones laid in the field
And they were nothing.**

We were vices &
 clobbered accumulated
water Shed Like the man in the suit **remnants; redacted** its deaths
 that
 looked Like an ape in Exponentially
 2001
 lit Down all < <
 of humanity's brutality You hoped to save the imagining of
 One swoop Amphibians first or take flight endlessly
 felled on , which
 To the tapir preceded mammals—
 . A clean Even the aquatic
 femur gripped Interior
 Strong , formulations?
 The concavity < I'm in here, don't leave me. trying
 : weaponized; All of time since then
 to be
 Fruitful heard . Finding
 !The cantankerous way
 wailing, taper out. Did not
 Expect to Be
 > this. >
Whaling
 In time the harpoon had evolved. Once a hand-
 held descendent of the commonly
 spear, it
 grew New

I rode the buffalo near
Tomorrow. Ply me. Catatonic the numbers in us before
They reveal themselves for destruction. This ballast
Came late. There were
Reams of it, some bound
For and some by what

Menaces are to come. Has the Pleistocene gone so fast? The hours
Cannot be counted
In miles or light. We mistook them for a wilderness
Of conglomeration. To witness
This manifest. In some other way I wished the same. That strand
From the spider was made last

Night unseen. I followed
The morning until the sun landed
On the thing containing
Me and its silk thinness. Barely
Alight in the wind between
The brick and the branch and the air.

Fabric

We're here
To there. A cruel impatient

Something Like Embers Containment. Bundled in the song, the rapture, the

Inconsequence. Particles, waves, rhythms
Of the calculations. Watch these succulents grow

Unfound in a garden one
Million years old. Are they still

Verdant? Is there something still like that
Place in which they live? While you thought
About everything, that whole time, this world

Existed. The universe thumped
Inside your shell. A thousand suns inevitably spored

You. Translucence. Translucence.

Translucence. Translucence. Capillary

Transmissions fending away the coalescing, the beauty,
The flocks in the appearance

Of seeking. All the birds & the gnats & the reservoirs
Of love that drown.

There was a time once, which is all you need to know. The time contained things, like all time.
The kitten was so small once, and then so tiny that she was gone. She continued
Like a point on the horizon, and then disappeared when you forgot to look back.
Everything was wrapped around itself and clutching at each other the whole time once. We knew
We were amongst it, and even talked about it then. But you have to stop foraging
Soon, the light doesn't belong there anymore.

Goodbye To All That

Gone

Passage &
Calamity. The sequence
Confused by its lack
Of order. Departure & magnificence. That felt
All collapsed into once. Some matter propels; some will poke a hole into the end
Of all things. What should we want
To say about this? That while
It lasted—*while it lasted*, the whole thing
Foisted. Sky
Just following rain, air before
Next wind, some kind
Of light falling all
Over the place, home.
That this air was conjured by the future
Tonight, wishing it were
Here; amongst the rocks and bricks and mist crickets, so soft fell these
Shadowed now out-lines of the redwood.

The empty

That you came to
Inhabit
This.

Fuck Us

Everything is wrong for you when you Read this. Gapers, *scurry*. I'll admit That we knew. And did almost
Nothing. I'll say it felt like a gleeful Cruelty of personal inconsequence. I'll confess This is not a poem, nor apology. I've come
To tell the truth, which is heinous & beyond
Forgiveness.

In Defence Of Everything Horrible

It could not be helped. Humanity. It was in its nature to fight against it. To diminish all the wrong things. There are so many complicated ways to forgo saying things. It could not be helped. The very way the story led itself along. Each of us was only. What else could have? We'll fight this too; seek that invisible. *It is invisible.* But it could not be helped. *Wanting.* All of the things always come from this. The horror lives with us whom the Beauty inhabits. And of that strange unknowableness

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